



### Market Reports.

Prices Paid by Logan Merchants,  
May 27th, 1907.

Apples	\$5.00	Potatoes	60c
Butter	13c	Eggs	14c
Chickens	9c	Dressed	12
Wheat	90c	Corn	60c
Oats	50c	Timothy	16.50
Hogs	5 1/2c	Dressed	7c
Steers	5c	Cows	3c
Heifers	4 1/2c	Bulls	3c
Calves	5c	Lambs	6 1/2c

### GENERAL MARKETS

**Cincinnati** — Wheat, 1.00;  
Corn, 57c; Oats, 47c; Rye, 78c;  
Hogs, 5c; Steers, 5c; Sheep, 47c;  
Lambs, 5 1/2c.

**New York** — Wheat, 1.00;  
Corn, 60c; Oats, 47c.

**Chicago** — Wheat, 1.00; Corn,  
54c; Oats, 48c; Steers, 5c; Cows,  
5c; Heifers, 5c; Sheep, 5c; Lambs,  
6c; Calves, 5c; Hogs, 6c.

### Poultry Notes

The man who depends upon  
luck generally gets left.

The three requisites of a hustler  
are application, patience, per-  
sistence.

Model poultry houses are not  
expensive, fancy affairs, but  
rather comfortable and convenient  
ones.

A Texas writer says that when  
an inexperienced enthusiast goes  
into the poultry farming business  
with anywhere from five hundred  
up, it is proof that the fools are  
not all dead.

Gigantic poultry farms are very  
often the property of wealthy men  
who must entirely depend upon  
hired skill to run them. They  
are run—in the ground.

A successful poulterer is one  
who studies his markets, the par-  
ticular, likes and dislikes of his  
customers, learns to fill every  
want, and just as they wish it,  
and never knows more than his  
customers.

The careful observance of all the  
small matters of poultry culture is  
what results in big returns.

Hens do love to pick about a  
pile of unsifted coal ashes. There  
is always something in the pile  
that is very engaging to a flock  
of hens.

Women succeed in poultry raising  
under adverse circumstances  
that would cause men to give up  
the calling with disgust. The  
main causes of this is that women  
are naturally more tender hearted  
and look more carefully at the  
little comfort detail that chicks  
require.

You cannot be too particular in  
your poultry work.

The poultryman who follows a  
practical system does not com-  
plain of the work.

System is a great labor saver in

### The Care of Live Stock.

If the testimony of great num-  
bers of the readers of The New-  
York Tribune Farmer is a fair  
basis for the formation of a cor-  
rect opinion, then what is known  
as its Veterinary Department is  
everywhere esteemed highly. It is,  
however, more than a veteri-  
nary department. Dr. C. D.  
Smead, who has had charge of it  
for more than five years, every  
week answers very many questions  
in regard to every variety of live  
stock known on the American  
farm, not alone prescribing medi-  
cines and treatment, but telling  
how the diseases might have been  
prevented, and laying down speci-  
fic rules for feed and care in  
health, in sickness and in con-  
valescence. Every farmer keeps  
some live stock—good veterinari-  
ans are scarce.

Each inquirer is fully answered,  
but Dr. Smead goes far beyond  
this; he believes that any infor-  
mation which one intelligent  
farmer needs is also needed by  
hundreds and thousands of others,  
and he often so broadens his an-  
swer as to make it a complete essay  
on the subject discussed. A year  
or two ago Mr. B. Walter McKee,  
of Fryburg, Mo., said in a meet-  
ing of farmers that a valuable  
horse had been attacked with a  
disease of which he had known  
nothing until he had recently read  
of it in The New-York Tribune  
Farmer; what Dr. Smead had  
taught him enabled him to save  
his horse. Another farmer arose  
and said he had had a similar ex-  
perience. Five or six hundred  
dollars saved in one town by one  
copy of the paper! C. C. Waller,  
M. D., of North Troy, Vt., writes  
to Dr. Smead, under date of April  
23: "I desire to express my  
gratitude to you through The  
New-York Tribune Farmer, and to  
say that I regard you as the most  
able, practical and thoroughly  
safe writer of the present age, and  
to express my hope that you may  
live to serve the farmer and our  
dumb friends for many years to  
come."

### Eggs and Egg Farming.

Are you marketing "honest"  
eggs?

"Honest" eggs are those like  
Caesar's wife—above suspicion.  
"Honest" eggs bring trade to  
the door; you do not need to solicit  
it.

"Mixed colors" in a shipment  
of eggs hurts the price; so does a  
consignment of dirty eggs.

On the large egg farms they  
count one good man for more than  
five hundred hens. Some prefer  
a man, for every three hundred  
head of stock, so that the work  
may be well done.

The shape and size of the egg  
is a pretty good index to the con-  
dition of the hen.

Condition powder cannot make  
eggs, but it acts like a tonic, ton-  
ing the system and sharpening the  
appetite; but all this will avail  
nothing if the proper food is not  
given to make the eggs.

If eggs were sold by the pound  
instead of by the dozen, such  
breeds as the Brahmas, Spanish,  
Minorcas and Houdans would en-  
joy increased popularity.  
All the heavy layers produce  
white eggs, while the general  
purpose breeds lay a more or less  
brown egg.

The effect of age of fowls upon  
egg production was tested for  
seven periods of thirty days each  
at the West Virginia Experiment-  
al Station. The three pens of  
pullets, one hundred in each pen,  
laid during the experiment 6,209  
eggs. The old hens were three  
and four years old, and laid 6,349  
eggs. The pullets gained 143  
pounds in weight and the old hens  
84 pounds. The results, however,  
do not agree with experiments at  
other stations, and probably the  
apparent advantage of old fowls  
was due to unusual conditions.

It is the general theory that  
egg formation takes place mainly  
at night.

The natural coloring of eggs is  
a dark brown for the Asiatics,  
a light brown for the Americans,  
and a pure white for the Mediter-  
ranean.

The man who does not cater to  
the whims of his best market  
is certainly unwise.

It is best to get rid of the hens  
that lay badly shaped eggs, or  
very small ones. Such eggs can-  
not be sold for hatching and they  
are not attractive in the egg  
basket.

More News from the New England  
States.

If any one has any doubt as to  
the virtue of Foley's Kidney Cure,  
they need only to refer to Mr. Al-  
vin H. Stimpson, of Williamsport,  
Conn., who, after almost losing  
hope of recovery, on account of  
the failure of so many remedies,  
tried Foley's Kidney Cure,  
which he says was "just the  
thing" for him, as four bottles  
cured him completely. He is now  
entirely well and free from all the  
suffering incident to acute kidney  
trouble. Bort & Co.

### To Buckeye Lake.

(Lancaster Eagle.)

Mr. H. M. Miskell received last  
night his big passenger automo-  
bile which he will use this sum-  
mer between this city and Buck-  
eye Lake.

It will seat ten passengers be-  
sides the chauffeur and is strongly  
built. It can reach a speed of  
twenty-five or thirty miles an  
hour, but Mr. Miskell expects to  
take about an hour in making the  
sixteen-mile trip.

L. A. Miskell, driving the ma-  
chine through from Pontiac, Mich-  
igan, where it was built, arrived  
here about four o'clock, coming  
through from Kenton, where he  
spent the night. He only used  
about eighteen gallons of oil in  
making the entire distance.

A trial trip will be made to-  
morrow, including newspaper rep-  
resentatives and several leading  
citizens. They will go to Shell  
Beach, where they will be served  
with a fish dinner by Messrs.  
Tannehill & Cisco.

Kidney complaint kills more  
people than any other disease.  
This is due to the disease being so  
insidious that it gets a good hold  
on the system before it is recog-  
nized. Foley's Kidney Cure will  
prevent the development of fatal  
disease if taken in time. Bort &  
Co.

### Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's  
Cherry Pectoral. Tell him  
how it cured your hard cough.  
Tell him why you always keep  
it in the house. Tell him to  
ask his doctor about it. Doc-  
tors use a great deal of it for  
throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was  
troubled with pneumonia. I used Ayer's  
Cherry Pectoral and it cured me in ten  
days. It is certainly a wonderful  
cough medicine."—REBECCA WHITE, of  
Pittsboro, N. H.

"But the priest's signature, the no-  
tary's seal, the official formalities  
which attend all these things!" I stum-  
bled.

"You will recollect that her high-  
ness is a princess of the blood. Sel-  
dom is she refused anything by Bar-  
scheit." She went to a small secretary  
and produced a certificate, duly sealed  
and signed. There lacked nothing but  
Steinbock's name.

"But the rascal will boast about it!  
He may blackmail all of you. He may  
convince the public that he has really  
married her highness."

"I think not. We have not moved  
in this blindly. Steinbock we know to  
have forged the name of the minister  
of finance. We hold this sword above  
his head. And if he should speak or  
boast of it, your word would hold  
greater weight than his. Do you un-  
derstand now?"

"Yes, I understand. But I believe  
that I am genuinely sorry to have  
blundered into this castle to-night."

"Oh, if you lack courage!" care-  
lessly.

I laughed. "I am not afraid of 20  
Steinbocks."

Her laughter echoed mine. "Come,  
Mr. By the way, I believe I  
do not know your name."

"Warrington—Arthur Warrington."  
"That is a very good English name,  
and a gentleman possessing it will  
never leave two women in a predic-  
ament like this. You will understand  
that we dare not trust any one at  
court. Relative to her highness, the  
duke succeeds in bribing all."

"But a rascal like Steinbock!"  
"I know,"—a bit wearily.  
"It is pardonable to say that I be-  
lieve her highness has been very fool-  
ish."

The girl made a gesture which  
conceded the fact. "It is too late to  
retreat, as I have told you. Steinbock  
is already on the way. We must trust  
him. But you?"

"After all, what does a consulate  
amount to?"  
This seemed to be answer enough.  
She extended her hand in a royal fash-  
ion. I took it in one of mine, bent and  
kissed it respectfully. Apparently she  
had expected the old-fashioned hand-  
shake familiar to our common race, for  
I observed that she started as my lips  
came into contact with the back of her  
hand. As for me, when my lips  
touched the satin flesh I knew that it  
was all over.

"Your highness!" she called.  
The princess returned. She looked  
at me with a mixture of fierceness and  
defiance, humility and supplication. I  
had always supposed her to be a sort  
of archduchess; instead, she was one  
of those rare creatures who possess  
all the varying moods of the sex. I  
could readily imagine all the young  
fellows falling violently in love with  
her; all the young fellows save one. I  
glanced furtively at the Honorable  
Betty.

"He knows all!" asked her highness.  
her chin tilted aggressively.  
"Everything."  
"What must you think of me?"  
There was that in her highness' tone  
which dared me to express any  
opinion that was not totally complimen-  
tary.

"I am not sufficiently well-born to  
pass an opinion upon your highness' ac-  
tions," I replied, with excusable  
irony.

"Excellent!" she exclaimed. "I have  
grown weary of sycophants. You are  
not afraid of me at all!"

"Not in the slightest degree," I de-  
clared.

"You will not regret what you are  
about to do. I can make it very pleas-  
ant for you in Barscheit—or very un-  
pleasant." But this threatening  
supplement was made harmless by the ac-  
companying smile.

"May I offer the advice of rather a  
worldly man?"

"When Steinbock comes bid him go  
about his business."

The Honorable Betty nodded approv-  
ingly, but her highness shrugged.

"Since you are decided," and I  
bowed. "Now, what time does this  
fellow put in his appearance?"

Her highness beamed upon the Hon-  
orable Betty. "It is like the way he says  
this fellow," it reassures me. He is  
due at nine o'clock; that is to say, in  
half an hour. I will give you these di-  
rections. I do not wish Steinbock to  
know of your presence here. You will  
hide in the salon, close to the por-  
tieres, within call. Moreover, I shall  
have to impose upon you the disagree-  
able duty of playing the listener. Let  
nothing escape your ear or your eye.  
I am not certain of this fellow Stein-  
bock, though I hold a sword above his  
head."

"But where are your men?" I asked.  
She smiled. "There is no one here  
but Leopold."

"Your highness to meet Steinbock  
alone?"

"I have no fear of him; he knows  
who I am."

"Everything shall be done as you  
wish." I secretly hoped I might have  
the opportunity to punch Steinbock's  
head.

"Thank you." The transition of her  
moods always left me in wonder. "Play  
something; it is impossible to talk."  
She perched herself on the broad arm  
of the Honorable Betty's chair, and  
her arm rested lightly but affection-  
ately on her shoulder.

It was something for a man to gain  
the confidence, in so short a time, of  
two such women. I felt as brave as  
Bayard. So I sat down before the  
piano and played. My two accomplish-  
ments are horseback riding and music,  
and I candidly tell you that I am as  
reckless at one as at the other. I had  
a good memory. I played something  
from Chaminade, as her fancies are  
always airy and agreeable and unmel-  
ancholy. I was attacking "The Flate-  
rter" when her highness touched my  
arm.

"Hark!"

We all listened intently. The sound  
of beating hoofs came distinctly. A  
single horseman was galloping along  
the highway toward the castle. The  
sound grew nearer and nearer; pres-  
ently it ceased. I rose quietly.

"It is time I bid myself, for doubt-  
less this rider is the man."

The princess paused for a moment,  
while her companion nervously plucked  
at the edges of her handkerchief.

## "The Princess Elopes"

By Harold MacGrath

(Continued from Last Week)

not to be known to any one. When  
you witness that which shall take  
place here to-night, you will under-  
stand." Her tone lost its evenness; it  
trembled and became a bit wild.

"In what manner may I be of serv-  
ice to your highness?" I asked pleas-  
antly, laying aside my gloves and crop  
again. "I can easily give you my word  
of honor as a gentleman not to report  
your presence here, but if I am forced  
to remain, I certainly demand—"

"Desire," she corrected, the old fire  
in her eyes.

"Thank you. I desire, then, to know  
the full reason; for I can not be a  
party to anything which may reflect  
upon the consulate. For myself, I do  
not care." What hare-brained escapade  
was now in the air?

The princess walked over to the  
mantel and rested her arms upon it,  
staring wide-eyed into the fire. Sev-  
eral minutes passed. I waited patient-  
ly; but, to tell the truth, I was on fire  
with curiosity. At length my patience  
was rewarded.

"You have heard that I am to marry  
the Prince of Doppelkinn?" she began.  
I nodded.

"Doubtless you have also heard of  
my determination not to marry him?"  
she went on.

"I nodded."

"Well, I am not going to marry  
him."

I was seized with the desire to laugh  
but dared not. What had all this to  
do with my detention in the castle?

"Betty" said the princess, turning  
impudently to her companion (what a  
change!), "you tell him."

"The Honorable Betty drew  
back.

(Had they kidnapped old Doppel-  
kinn? I wondered.)

"I can not tell him," cried her high-  
ness miserably. "I simply can not. You  
must do it, Betty. It is now absolute-  
ly necessary that he should know  
everything; it is absolutely vital that  
he be present. Perhaps heaven has  
sent him. Do you understand? Now,  
tell him!"

And, wonders to behold! she who  
but a few minutes ago had been a  
princess in everything, cold, seeing,  
tranquil, she fled from the room. De-  
cidedly this was growing interesting.

Why had she fled? Thus, the Hon-  
orable Betty Moore and her excel-  
lent, the American consul at Bar-  
scheit, were left staring into each other's  
eyes fully a minute.

"You will, of course, pledge me your  
word of honor?" She who had recent-  
ly been timid now became cool and  
even-voiced.

"If in pledging it I am asked to do  
nothing to discredit my office, I am  
not an independent individual—smil-  
ing to put her more at ease. (I haven't  
the least doubt that I would have com-  
mitted any sort of folly had she re-  
quired it of me.)

"You have my word, sir, that you  
will be asked to do nothing dishon-  
orable. On the other hand, you will con-  
fer a great favor upon her highness,  
who is in deep trouble and is seeking a  
way to escape it."

"Command me," said I promptly.

"Her highness is being forced into  
marriage with a man who is old enough  
to be her grandfather. She holds him  
in horror, and will go to any length to  
make this marriage an impossibility.  
For my part, I have tried to convince  
her of the futility of resisting her  
royal uncle's will. (Sensible little  
Britisher!) "What she is about to do  
will be known only to four persons,  
one of whom is a downright rascal."

"A rascal?" slipped my lips, half-  
unconsciously. "I trust that I haven't  
given you that impression," I added  
eagerly. (A rascal? This old fellow  
was thickening to formidable opaqueness.)

"No, no!" she cried hastily, with a  
flash of summer on her lips. (What  
is more charming than an English  
woman with a clear sense of the hu-  
morous?) "You haven't given me that  
impression at all."

"Thank you." My vanity expanded  
under the genial warmth of this knowl-  
edge. It was quite possible that she  
looked upon me favorably.

To proceed. There is to be a kind  
of mock marriage here to-night, and  
you are to witness it." She watched  
me sharply.

"Patience! Not literally a mock  
marriage but the filling out of a bogus  
certificate."

"I do not understand at all."

"You have heard of Hermann Stein-  
bock, a cashiered officer?"

"Yes, I understand that he is the  
rascal to whom you refer."

"He is this certificate to be filled  
out completely. To outwit the duke,  
her highness commits—"

"A forgery."

"It is a terrible thing to do, but she  
has gone too far to withdraw now.  
She is to become the wife of Her-  
mann Steinbock. She wishes to show  
the certificate to the duke."

"But the banns have not been made  
public."

"That does not matter."

"But why detain me?" I was grow-  
ing restless. It was all folly, and no  
good would come of it.

"It is necessary that a gentleman  
should be present. The caretaker is  
not a gentleman. I have said that  
Steinbock is a rascal. As I review the  
events, I begin to look upon your ar-  
rival as timely. Steinbock is not a re-  
liable quantity."

"I begin to perceive."

"He is to receive 1,000 crowns for  
his part in the ceremony; then he is  
to leave the country."

"But the priest's signature, the no-  
tary's seal, the official formalities  
which attend all these things!" I stum-  
bled.

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